《狄安娜之树》(Árbol de Diana)

[阿莱汉德拉·皮扎尼克] (Alejandra Pizarnik)
Translation by ZJC (2026)

1) 我从自我中跃起，奔向黎明。我随光，遗下肉身，去歌唱那新生的，哀伤。I leap from myself toward dawn. I follow the light, leaving my body behind, to sing of the newborn, sorrow.

2) 这些是曾被提议的版本：一个空洞，一堵颤栗的墙…… These were the proposed versions: a void, a trembling wall…

3) 唯有干渴。沉默。绝无相遇。当心我，吾爱。当心那荒漠中沉默的女人，那手持空杯的旅人，以及她影子里的影子。Only thirst. Silence. No meeting. Beware of me, my love. Beware of the silent woman in the desert, the traveler with an empty cup, and the shadow within her shadow.

4) 致 奥萝拉与胡里奥· 科塔萨尔 (For Aurora and Julio Cortázar)
……然而：谁能不再伸手搜寻那给被遗忘女孩的贡品？寒冷将偿还。风将偿还。雨将偿还。雷鸣，将偿还。
…AND YET: who can stop reaching out to search for the offering for the forgotten girl? Cold will repay. Wind will repay. Rain will repay. Thunder, will repay.

5) 为了这活着的一瞬，那唯一睁开的双眼。为了那一刻去看见，大脑里那些小花，如哑巴口中的文字，起舞。For this living instant, the only eye that opens. For that moment of seeing, the little flowers in the brain, like words in a mute mouth, dancing.

6) 她在记忆的乐园里，赤裸全身。她无视自己异象中那可怕的宿命。她害怕无法去命名那一切，不存在的事物。She is naked in the paradise of memory. She ignores the terrible destiny in her vision. She fears being unable to name all that does not exist.

7) 她身着着火的衬衫，在星辰间飞跃。从影子，到影子。她死于一场遥远的死亡，这风之，爱人。She wears a shirt on fire, leaping among stars. From shadow, to shadow. She dies a distant death, this lover of the wind.

8) 记忆被照亮，在这长廊里，我所期冀的影子正四处徘徊。它会来，这不是真的。它不来，这也不是真的。Memory is illuminated, in this long hallway, the shadow I desire wanders. It will come, this is not true. It will not come, this is not true.

9) 这些在深夜里闪烁的白骨，这些如宝石般的字句，在石化之鸟鲜活的喉咙里。这备受眷恋的绿，这灼热的丁香紫，这颗唯有，神秘的心。These white bones gleaming in deep night, these jewel-like words, in the living throat of the petrified bird. This beloved green, this burning lilac, only this mysterious heart.

10) 一阵微弱的风，满是重叠的面孔。被我剪成，值得去爱的，万物之形。A faint wind, full of overlapping faces. Cut by me into the shape of everything worthy of love.

11) 此刻，在这纯真的时刻，我和曾经的那个我，坐在我目光的门槛上。Now, in this innocent moment, I and the one who was I, sat on the threshold of my gaze.

12) 不再有丝绸女孩的甜美蜕变，那迷雾边缘的梦游者。 她如同一只呼吸之手的苏醒，如同一朵在风中绽放的花。No more the sweet metamorphosis of the silken girl, the sleepwalker at the edge of fog. She is like the awakening of a breathing hand, like a flower that opens in the wind.

13) 用这世上的言语去解释：那艘船从我身上启航，并带走了我。To explain with the words of this world: the ship set sail from me and took me away.

14) 那首我无法言说的诗，我不配拥有它。镜中两条道路令我恐惧。某个在我体内沉睡的人，正以我为食，向我索取饮用。The poem I cannot speak, I do not deserve it. The two paths in the mirror frighten me. Someone sleeping inside me feeds on me, asks me for drink.

15) 我怀念那种距离，将我与出生的时刻隔开。我怀念不再去扮演，那初来乍到者的角色。I miss the distance that separates me from the moment of birth. I miss no longer playing the role of the newcomer.

16) 你已筑好了你的房屋，你已喂丰了你的群鸟，你曾用你自己的白骨，击碎狂风。 你已凭一己之力完成了，那无人曾开始过的。You have built your house, you have fed your birds, you have broken the fierce wind with your own white bones. You have accomplished, all alone, what no one ever began.

17) ...一个僵硬金属丝筑成的巢，我在其中起舞，在我那无数场葬礼中独自哭泣。（她是她那面燃烧的镜子，她是她在冷火中的守望，她的神秘元素，她与那些在苍白之夜里孤绝显现的名字，私通。）...a nest of stiff wire where I dance, weeping alone at my countless funerals. (She is her burning mirror, she is her vigil in cold fire, her mysterious element, her fornication with names that appear isolated in the pale night.)

18) 如同一首觉察到万物缄默的诗，你开口说话，是为了不去看见我。Like a poem that perceives the silence of all things, you open your mouth so as not to see me.

19) 当你已看见，那些我纹在自己眼上的双眼。When you have already seen the eyes I have tattooed on my own eyes.

20) (致 劳拉·巴塔荣) (For Laura Batallon)
她说她不知道对爱之死的恐惧，她说她害怕爱的死亡，她说爱即恐惧即死亡，她说死亡即恐惧即爱，她说她不知道。She said she didn't know about the fear of love's death, she said she was afraid of love's death, she said love is fear is death, she said death is fear is love, she said she didn't know.

21) 我已出生了无数次，在那此岸与彼岸的记忆里，承受着双重的苦难。I have been born countless times, in the memory of this shore and the other, suffering a double grief.

22) 在深夜里，一面给那死去的小女孩的镜子，一面灰烬之镜。In deep night, a mirror for the dead little girl, a mirror of ash.

23) 从下水道望去，或许就是对这世界的一种愿景；反叛意味着凝视一朵玫瑰，直到你的双眼化为粉尘。To look from the sewer is perhaps one vision of the world; to rebel is to gaze at a rose until your eyes turn to dust.

24) （根据沃尔斯的画作） (after a drawing by Wols)
这些细丝囚禁了阴影，并索求缄默的交待；这些细丝将你的视线，束缚于呜咽之中。These filaments imprison shadow and demand a silent accounting; these filaments bind your gaze to sobbing.

25) （戈雅画展后感） (after a Goya exhibition)
深夜里的一个空洞，被一名天使匆匆入侵。A void in deep night, hastily invaded by an angel.

26) （根据克利的画作） (after a drawing by Klee)
当深夜里的宫殿盛装燃起，我们将挤压镜子，直到我们的面孔如偶像般歌唱。When the palace in deep night burns in festive dress, we will press the mirror until our faces sing like idols.

27) 从花丛映出的黎明，令我沉醉于虚无与这淡紫色的微光中，沉醉于凝滞与笃定。Dawn mirrored in flowers intoxicates me with nothingness and this lilac glimmer, with stagnancy and certainty.

28) 你躲避着那些，在万物缄默中旋转着的，名字。You flee from the names that spin in the silence of all things.

29) (致 安德烈·皮耶尔·德·曼迪亚格) (For André Pieyre de Mandiargues)
正因如此，祈祷之声，听来宛若那爱慕着迷雾的双手。That is why the sound of prayer seems like hands that adore the fog.

30) 在这神话般的暴风雪中，雨里那羽翼的安魂曲；在水的记忆中，迷雾的指尖。In this mythical snowstorm, the requiem of wings in the rain; in the memory of water, the fingertips of fog.

31) ...然而，借着紧闭的双眼与真切的苦难，我们诱哄着镜子，直到我们忘却了这些魔幻之语的声响。...Yet, with closed eyes and true suffering, we coax the mirror until we forget the sound of these magic words.

32) 传递之所，在那里，沉睡的女人正缓缓吞噬她那子夜之心。Place of transmission, where the sleeping woman slowly devours her midnight heart.

33) 致 艾丝特·辛格 (For Esther Singer)
总有一天，也许总有一天，我会离去，且不带一丝停留；我会像一个离去者那样离去。One day, perhaps one day, I will leave, and without a trace of staying; I will leave like one who leaves.

34) 那小小旅人，正因向那些造访她温暖残骸的、怀旧而睿智的兽群解释她自己的死亡，而力竭而亡。The little traveler dies of exhaustion from explaining her own death to the nostalgic and wise beasts who visit her warm remains.

35) 生命，我的生命，让自己坠落吧，让自己受伤吧，我的爱。去将你自己缚于火焰，缚于那天真的缄默，缚于深夜之屋里的绿石；让自己坠落，让自己受伤，我的爱。Life, my life, let yourself fall, let yourself be wounded, my love. Bind yourself to the fire, to the innocent silence, to the green stone in the house of deep night; let yourself fall, let yourself be wounded, my love.

36) 致 阿兰·格拉斯 (For Alain Glass)
在时间的笼子里，那沉睡的女人凝视着她孤独的双眼；微风为她带回，叶群那微弱的回响。In the cage of time, the sleeping woman stares at her solitary eyes; the breeze brings her the faint echo of leaves.

37) 越过任何禁区的触碰，那里有一面镜子，映照着我们忧伤的透明。Touch that passes beyond any forbidden limit, where there is a mirror that reflects our sorrowful transparency.

38) 这支致歉之歌，我在这些诗作里的辩解：这首歌否定了我，它已令我哑口无言。 This song of apology, my vindication in these poems: this song negates me, it has left me speechless.

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